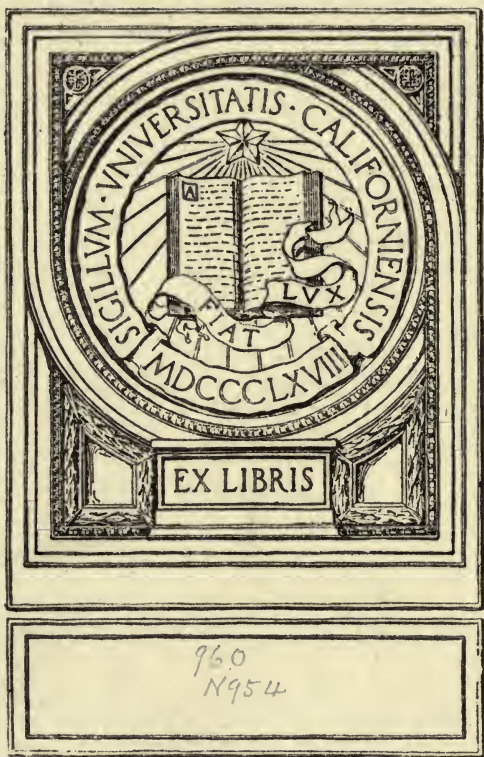


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ZEBULON.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| ZEBULON, Ex-slave, a runaway, living out in the woods. | PETER SHACKS, Keeper of Store. |
| SAM PLUM. | MAJOR BROADAX & FAMILY. |
| JED BOWLER. | WINDLOW (ELIJAH.) |
| STEVE NIOX. | HIXON BACKLOG. |
| SCIPIO et al. | GUS WOOLLY. |
| BOB and JOE, Musicians. | COL. BUSHWING. |
| WHITE MAN, a friend. | JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. |
| | CITIZENS (first and second.) |

SCENE: Zeb's Cave, or dugout cabin, under ground, in the woods. Zeb and his company of outlaws. A new-comer. Rude place—logs and old boxes for seats, four rough boards for floor, rude bunks, rough board table, "taller-dip," etc.

Cave built by excavating—18 feet square, 11 feet deep—roofed ~~over~~ with heavy logs or small trees; four feet of earth above, in order to preserve the solidity of the ground; a ladder and trap door; on one side a fireplace, the flue leading off some 45 feet; the exit to flue, above, at the surface, concealed by old logs and brush. Fire only allowed at night. A strict watch kept up about the premises.

ZEB. We's yhere together; who'll vouch for dis yer new man—whom we trust shall be a true and worthy brother—one we's can trust? Who vouch for him?

SAM PLUM. I's vouch for him. I reckon he's a good man.

ZEB. How you's know? Hab you seen him tried?

SAM. Yes, and well tried. He's one of us, sure 'nuf.

ZEB. What plantation he from?

JED BOWLER. He's from Major Broadax plantation. Der Major, he loss heavily the other night; so he said he'd sell Steve and his wife. Den Steve was getting a little oneasy like. So, while de Major didn't like to sell any of his niggers, he juss thought dat he could spar Steve bess—Steve and his wife. Steve's a little hard-headed. Den de Major thought it might be what he calls an object lesson to de rest of dem ere niggers of his. He had dis talk, one night, wid

missus, and Susey Whartle hearin' some on it, and so tole Steve all 'bout it. De next mornin Steve didn't turn up at der roll call. He turns out, just vaxicated dat plantation, and here he is.

ZEB. Steve Niox, is dat your name, and is you de man? You takes you' life in you' hand when you's come yhar. Is you ready to jine us, to take de oath that shall bind you to us and we's to you? Mind ye, the penalty is death to der man who prove false one way, if not another; no traitors lib if we can prevent; dey die! You's have come to us. You's know whar we is. You can't go back to der enemy. You's swar to be true to dis camp, to us, and to nebber go back on us. If yer do, de Lord God help ye!

[So a circle is formed, and a rope passed around them—all being within the circle. Zeb, having the ends and tying tightly, saying:]

ZEB. Now, I, Steve Niox, befo' de Great White Throne, swar to be a true, loyal and faithful brother. As dis yere rope circles us, and makes us one, so we's be one befo' de Lord, pledged to keep all our 'fairs to ourselves, and to do all in our power to help one 'nother; to keep open our eyes and ears, and our mouths shut, and our lips well guarded when in de presence of those whom we's don't know to be true. The penalty for any traitorous act is death! How? We need not tell you now. If you should prove to be a traitor you'll find dat out soon 'nuf, and eben den you may not know much. Eben traitors we treat humanly. But don't prove such, Brother Steve. Mix freely with us, be one of us, but be always on yer guard. Does yer drink liquor? - If ye does, look out! If dat make a fool of yer, yer haf to stand by der fool, and it won't save yer. We shall keep an eye on yer, as we do upon all who comes har. In dis yer are not alone, for we's all watch and 'sport each other, and help each other der best we know how. You shall be on guard for de next twenty-four hours. Brother Jed will teach you, tell you's what to do, and what not to do. [Unties the rope.]

ZEB (continues). Now let me splain a little. [Taking up a piece of board, draws thereon a circle.] Dis ring am de jewel ob de "Order ob de Black Brotherhood." Dis penny, I's now gin you. Put a mark on it, your sign, so you may know it. All who know you' mark may know it. Der circle encloses der Brotherhood. You may hab de circle without der penny, as I hab. [Opens his coat and shows circle.] It covers der heart. Now, be true to der circle, and you's don't go wrong. Don't get out of it; stay inside. But keep de licker outside of you. Don't let much of it get inside, for it might interfere wid der insides of yer. Now go along wid Jed, he's a good guide. Lie low, keep eyes and ears open. Brudder Jed, just take dis new brudder and 'struct him how to give de signs of warning in der dark as well as in der light. Dat is how we's do when we see or hear anything 'spicious like. Dis am a great life to lib, but we's has

no choice. I'd like to be free like der white man, but de white man got de upper hand just now. But der Kingdom ob de Lord am a coming, for shoo. But de white man won't har, his ears are too small or his hearing tube's obstructed. He aint so def neither. He's a coward. He don't dar do right. If dar could be some other kind of peoples dat could hab all de 'vantage ober him dat he has ober de po' black man, how he'd squirm and take on 'bout liberty, right and justice, and all dat. But on dis earth thar are none bigger dan he. So he safe har, but—but—in der great futer he may get some 'perience or something to shame him. Now don't miss any opportunity to help ye po' black brudder.

[All start to go out, up the ladder, to the woods above.]

ZEB. Hold on a bit; mind de stores. We want to keep getting and getting, for de Lord knows when we shall want all we's can get. Show Steve how we's get. Take him down to de ribber to-night, whar we's get de oysters, and if ye see a stray bird, or large animal, just bring him in.

ZEB (alone in the cave). Wal, dis be's a hard living, but it's better dan working for de white man, and taking yo' chances to be sold off down South. Dar's my po' Lucy. De good Lord knows whar she am to-night.

[Hums (in low voice) old plantation song:]

"My darling Nelly Gray,
They hab taken her away,
And I ne'er shell see my darling any mo'—
They hab taken her to G'orgia to whar her life away,
And to toil 'mid de cotton and de cane."

Scene. At Shack's store.

A country store, whose keeper is a go-between, who asks no questions, but who, at heart, is a friend to the black man. Outside, a motley throng, having come to buy tobacco, molasses, poor liquor, &c., and to see the world. Zeb appears in the background, not wishing to be seen much, even by the crowd.

ZEB. How's goes it at the plantation, Aunt Sally?

AUNT SALLY. O, pretty quiet. But old massa is quite down wid de rumatics. I fear he hab to sell another nigger. Steve, he runs away somewhar.

ZEB. Who go's dar?

SALLY. I don't know, dey mighty keerful 'bout it. Dey know, but dey know 'nuf to keep it to themselves. Steve would'er brought dem a thousand dollars. But Steve, he's got off.

[A discussion going on, in a group at one side, as to creation, and who was the first man.]

ZEB (joins them and for a while listens to Sam.) Plenty ob work at de brick yard now, Sam?

SAM. Yes, Zeb, we get's plenty ob work; and when Ted started dat talk 'bout creation, I just thought how's we made de brick; wonder if dey made brick in dem days; later de parsons tells us dat de Hebrews made brick in Egypt, but I guess dey wan't de kinds we make; for we don't put straw in dem now. But how 'bout dis creation, Zeb?

ZEB. Gawd made man jus' like a brick. Then he set him up dar agin de fence to dry a little, and dar he stood, and de Lord just stood off dar and look him all ober. Den he said, "He am all right, and I'll just make a man ob dat brick." And yer know dat it was just as easy fo' de good Lawd to make a man out of dat brick as it was to make him out of stone, or iron, ivory or gold, or anything else. So de Lawd just breethed de breff of life into dat brick, and it became a living man—all de bricks. But so soon as some of dem saw dat dey had life in dem, dey walks right off, without waiting for de finishing touch; and dese fellows dey calls "Walkoffs," cause dey didn't stop for der Lord to put de brains into dem; so dat is why so many members of der Damphool family is in der world. Dey walks off too soon. Dey are de "Walkoffs." But a few of dem brick men stayed, got well baked and der brains put into dem, and dey now hab brains, and de mo' brains dey hab, and der better are dey baked, de smarter dey is. So we's hab some powerful smart men in der world.

SAM. But what was de color of de first man?

SCIPIO. Dey say dat Gawd made man out of the ground. Dat is, he took some good ground, and made him up into a brick; but dey don't tell's anything 'bout de color of de first man—what color he was, white or black, red or yellow.

ZEB. No, dey don't say noffing 'bout de color; but dey made der man out ob de ground, so's dey relate. Now, whateber was de color ob de ground dat was de color ob der first man. So if ye's will just tell me de color ob de ground in der Garden ob Eden—just tell me de color ob dat ground—and I will tell you de color ob de first man.

SCIPIO. Zeb, what is you' personal 'pinion in der case? What you's think about der color ob der first man?

ZEB. I think dat der first man was a black man, for de soil in dat country must hab been rich, and good, rich soil is black, you know. You's nebber see any po' soil dat is light ob color. So, in my judgment, der first man was a black man, and when der black soil run out, and dey get down to de hard-pan, dey had to fall back on dat, and get any kind ob color dat turned up.

PETER SHACKS. Zeb, use har? Better be keerful. Der ole man's son, young Massa Broadax, was 'round de other day, and he spoke of you. 'Sposed you were up in Canada by dis time, wid de Abolishionists. But he didn't believe you's fared any better up dar. Look out, Zeb! I am a little feared ob that yellow fellow, Steve, who they say run away the other night. If he's wid you, look out for him.

He's a pretty fair fellow, but weak. He must be a "walkoff." So keep an eye on him, if he comes 'round your camp. He may get full some day, get mad, and, then, he's just weak 'nough to be a "walk-off." So look out for him. Don't trust him too far.

ZEB. Thank ye, Pete. We'll keep an eye on him. Same time we want to treat him well. There are twelve ob us now with de wimmen folks.

PETER SHACKS. Got wimmen folks in der colony too, Zeb?

ZEB. Yes, we had to take them in, and dey all sharp as coons, too. But, Pete, who's dat white man I sees with gun and dog? I don't like such chaps 'round.

PETER. Don't fear him. He's from de Norf. He just down here shooting. Comes down here every year 'bout dis time. Sometimes he goes ober by de marsh, and sometimes he goes up into der mountains, and his name is Elijah Windlow. He comes from way up Massachusetts, and he'd do anything for a nigger he could. So don't be feared ob him. He's ye friend every time. I'd trust him with my best secrets. He is got good sense, too. He don't 'round such a country as dis talking about the nigger. Dey think a heap ob him at de plantation, and then young Massa George has been gunning wid him.

ZEB. If youse can help it don't let dem come our way. We don't kar to see dem. Got any backer, Peter? I'll bring down some ducks in a few days.

PETER. Ducks? How do you get ducks? You'll hardly dar do any shooting up dar, if it am away out in der woods.

ZEB. O, we's got dem! I just made a net—regular fish-net—say about ten by twelve. Take it down to the run thar. Lots ob ducks thar now—all swampy about dar, you know. We's just set dat net—pin it down at de four corners; den raise it up in de middle wid a stake. Den we's scatter some corn along de stream leading up to der net;—den under der net we's put a lot of corn. Der ducks dey soon get on to dat corn. Dey follow it up, and den dey comes to der net.

PETER. How do ye get them den?

ZEB. "Why, we's just lay low till dey get up under de net, and feeding well. Den we's just spring on dem. Dey fly up, and try and get away. Dey haven't any sense to dive down and go under dat net. Dey gets dar heads through de meshes ob der net, and we just walk up and wring dar necks, and den we puts dem ducks in der bag, and falls back, lying low for more ducks—and dey comes. De corn in der stream is just inticing. Dey hab "duck sense," but in some things it am better sense dan in other things. But dey habn't any sense to git out ob dat net—plenty of sense to find dar way into it.

ZEB to SHACKS. I see dat Bob and Joe are har, and dey has dar good ole fiddle and banjo. Couldn't ye's just get 'em started a little,

and ed others 'll jine in. Dat is one thing we can't hab at de Cave—
dat is, any loud music.

[Joe and Bob come forward and join in singing various plantation songs, &c.]

“Dar's de spot dat we were born on,
Dar's de spot dat we were born on,
Way down in ole Carolina State;
Thar lives my father and thar lives my mother,
Thar lives my sister and thar lives my brother,
Way down in ole Carolina State.

“Dar's de spot dat we were born on,
Dar's de spot dat we were born on,
Way down in ole Carolina State;
We used to hab de fun on der ole plantation,
We used to hab de fun on der ole plantation,
Way down in ole Carolina State;
We's works all day, till the daylight is over;
We's live like de coon in der field ob clover,
Way down in ole Carolina State.”

PETER SHACKS. I like to hear those old songs once in awhile. I don't 'spose the white folks in town would think much of them. I like to hear them; and I don't think it a bad idea, out here, to just have one of dem songs that tickle the ears of der white man.

[They sing:]

“Massa to us am very good,
Tra la la. Tra la la.
He gives us clothes and he gives us our food,
And we's merrily work for him.

“O colored men, I'm here,
Will you go with me to-night,
And sing a little song
For a gal I know?
O, de music am so sweet,
That none other can compete,
And we'll trabble by der bright moonlight.

“O, it was a happy hour
For that darkey minstrel boy,
As he gazed upon de window,
And beheld his lubly Dine.
Then, darkies, I must leave you,
For to go into der bower,
Don't yer eat up all de cakes and drink de wine.

“O, darkies, well, I shall go,
Take de ole banjo,
And serenade my lubly Dine to-night.
O, der music am so sweet,
That none other can compete,
And we'll trabble by der bright moonlight.”

ZEB. I wish dey'd given us one of dem good ole Psalms, such as dey chant in de churches. Dar tune is very simple. Bob, you knows one ob dem Psalm chants?

BOB. I 'spects I do; mose any fiddler can fiddle one of them; goes like dis:

[So the XXth Psalm is sung in part:]

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee.

"Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.

"Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice.

"Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfill all thy mind."

ZEB. Now dar's one mo' 'quest I has to make. Just let us hab dat ole good night song. Yer don't forget dat, do yer, Bob?

BOB. I'se reckon not. Goes like dis:

[Plays, and all join in singing:]

"Good night, good night! Now to all a kind, good night!

Low de moon in heaben is beaming,

O'er the silvery water streaming.

'Tis the hour of calm delight—

Good night, good night, good night!

"Good night, good night! Now to all a kind, good night!

Angel like, while earth is sleeping,

Stars above the watch are keeping,

Stars of promise bright—

Good night, good night, good night!"

ZEB (turns to Peter—takes his hand). Good night, Pete. It has been night wid me all along, so long as I can remember. But de good ole Psalm says dat "de ~~day~~ cometh in der morning." Den dey say dat it is always darkest just before de dawn. Well, dat's so; but it seems to me dat dat little streak we watches for, and sees before der great break ob day, in der early morning, would nebber come. But I saw just a little bit ob a streak de other morning, and den it was all dark again, and it 'pears like on dat morning de real day war an awful long way off. But ole day come. All der fo'noon cloudy and stormy, a little light. Den it got better and better, and yer ought ter seen dat sunset. It was powerful grand. But good night, Pete.

PETER. I have told that Yankee man a little 'bout you, so don't be feared of him. You know him soon as you set eyes on him. His name is Windlow, and he comes from way up Norf somewhar, as I tols you.

ZEB. I reckon den I sees him on dat berry moring it was so dark and stormy. He must hab been up right early after ducks; and as I was looking across de marsh dar, he comes out of de little blind that he puts up. Well, good night, now to all a kind good night.

Scene in the woods. Zeb meets Windlow with his gun.

WINDLOW. Are you Zebulon, of whom Mr. Shacks has spoken about to me?

ZEB. 'Spects I is, massa. You's Massa Windlow?

WINDLOW. I am Mr. Windlow, but no massa, so don't address me as you address those white men over at the plantation. The folks up where I come from don't have slaves, and they frequently discuss the subject of slavery and denounce it. And for years they have tried to get the people down South to think as they do about this subject. How much better it would be for all if all were free! We discuss it up our way, and the poets write about it.

ZEB. Poets! Who are dey?

WINDLOW. They are men, and women, too, who write poetry and songs. They write about you folks down here, and some day you may live to see the name of Zebulon worked up into some song or verse.

ZEB. If it do any good, I don't object; but Zeb, he only a po' nigger, and his name no much account.

WINDLOW. Ever since I can remember the subject of slavery has been before the country. The Abolitionists are keeping that subject before the world. The slaveholder at the South is powerfully mad over this abolition talk, and they say that they will fight for it if need be, and even disrupt the Union. And they think themselves fighters, too. Well, we people up North don't talk that way. We don't talk fight—about how many Southern men it would take to whip one Northern man. It is not our nature to talk that way, but if worst comes to worst, you will find that the men up North can very soon learn to fight, if it is necessary to save this Union. And not a few of us think that somehow—we don't just know how—but somehow, the black man shall become free—free as the white man.

ZEB. De kingdom of de Lord am a calling. Yes, here am dat streak ob light dat I seed der other morning—with you's in de line of der streak.

WINDLOW. What is that?

[Then Zeb tells him about the streak of morning light.]

WINDLOW. Well, Zebulon, take care of yourself the best you can. We all know that you have a hard row to hoe; but as you hoe just remember that you have friends at the North—in the field, too—hoeing the best they can to correct the great wrong to the black man—to abolish slave and master. No slavery—no master. All is quiet over the country now, but some of us up North fear that before the great question of slavery is ended, that somehow it cannot be settled or will not be, without some war at least. How, we don't just now see. But sometimes, you know, you can feel a thing even long before you can see it—like this air just now. We don't know as there shall be a storm, but it feels like it, as though one was approaching.

ZEB. Dat's so. I seed dat you's a prophet. Dar will be a good time for ducks in der morning—or rather a poor time for dem.

WINDLOW. Zeb, good-by Glad to have met you. May we meet again under better skies. But don't be too cast down; don't let this

long night discourage you. I know that it is very easy to say this, but I assure you that you and your cause shall ever be in my mind ; and that we, the Abolitionists and Quakers, and all who love liberty, not only for themselves, but for mankind, will ever have the cause uppermost in their mind ; and we fight for it—fight now on the platform and rostrum—and in the field, if necessary. I wish you could just be up North and see some of our meetings. We have speaking, reading and singing ; and when it comes to the point of fighting, these men of the South will see that we don't ask any odds. We have the greater number, as to population, so far as mere numbers are concerned ; but those who would stake their lives upon the issue of a grand cause are comparatively few ; and there is little to force men to fight when they will not—when they think so much of their miserable lives.

ZEB. Then youse hab cowards up there, too ?

WINDLOW. We don't call them cowards, yet they are. The South is a unit, or made so, on the subject of supporting slavery, or, if not exactly a unit, no one dares get up in meeting and speak against it ; while at the North, they even have public meetings in favor of it, with arguments in favor how it has Christianized the black man by bringing him here to a Christian country into slavery. And one of the Southern orators, not long ago, went so far as to say that he would ere many years call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill.

ZEB. What am Bunker Hill ?

WINDLOW. Bunker Hill was the scene of one of the first battles in Revolutionary times, when our forefathers fought for liberty, and, strange to say, the black man was there, too. They have erected a fine monument there, so it is as it were a beacon light for liberty.

ZEB. I's like to see dat hill ; I'd like to see one just like it down har.

WINDLOW. Well, good by ; I must go ; got to take boat early to-morrow morning ; got lots of things to do. Good by.

ZEB. May's we meet again. I's don't know no verse 'ppropriate for de occasion. But when we meets Mr. Windlow, I'll be dar.

“I'll be dar! And, if dar be's war—
With dis yer gun,
Wid der Yankees I shall run,
And Zebulon shall fight
Wid all his might,
Am dat right?”

WINDLOW. Yes, Zeb, that is all right. But we won't run away from the enemy. We'll run towards him.

ZEB. That's what I's mean. I'll run wid yers toward dem and obertake dem, and helps put dem to perpetual shame.

WINDLOW. I did not know you were so much of a poet, Zebulon. But I must be off. I'll tell the home folks about you. Good by.

ZEB. Wall, he's gone. I didn't dream the good Lawd eber made such a white man. I's only a po' black man; but po' as I am, I's can just tell a gentlemen when I see's him and hears him talk. He don't talk like de white men about yere; I nebber heard such language before—eben at de plantation. Den he speaks to me jus' likes I's a white man, too. Is dis all a dream? I 'spects I had a dream.

“I dreamt a dream der odder night,
When all der things war still,
I dreamt I saw Susannah a-rolling down de hill.”

No, it wan't no Susannah, but my dear Lucy. I's often dream about her. I'd be willing to go back to de plantation if she war dar. But she ain't. Dey sent her away befoe I's left, and dat's why I's left. She was a nice gal, and that is why dey sent her off. Dey wanted to give a nice present to dar niece dat married away down Souf.

Scene in Cave.

ZEB (to Steve). So you's 'cluded to play traitor on us, hey? Now, you's a foolish nigger. You's just thought you's could do something, and we's not know it. We's got “all seeing eyes.” De man in der bush sees eberything. You can't 'ceive him. Now, is you prepared to die?

STEVE. I's nebber do so no mo'. I's did not do it; it war de liquor.

ZEB. I's reckon you's do so no mo'. You's just took dat liquor too strong for you. You's hab de ebil thoughts befoe yer took de liquor. We's had an eye on yer fo' some time—eber since our friend 'formed us.

STEVE. Who's dat tell lies about me? Let me off dis time, and I's promise ye, before Gawd, dat I keep de promise.

ZEB. Well, Steve, we'd like to try yer, but dars too much 'pending on it. We's can't 'ford to take no risks. We's already risk a heap. De white man is arter us all de while. Now, if your life would save ours, and it even be better for all der colored men, and women, too, would you not freely give up you's life to save dem all? We knows yer would. So we's trust dat all's well dat ends well.

[Signal given to man behind Steve, who is unaware of the presence of the man behind him with a huge mallet. The man strikes Steve in the back of the head. Instant death from the blow, dislocating the spine.]

ZEB. All am ober—ober with Steve, but not wid us. We's must go on. But his weakness will not be a danger to us. Had he lib'd a few days longer we's would have been put into der hands ob der enemy. Dar is no pleasure in such work. Still it war necessary. To-night we'll bury him out dar under de pines, near dat flat rock. We'll leave no sign ob burial. We's all know our duty. We's keep

silent. Let no lips speak ob him. If dey's 'quire 'bout him, he's gone off. "Whar?" "We's don't know." We's know not when our time may come; but so long as de good Lord let us lib, we's be true men. And we'll do all we can to help de po' black man to make him feel like de white man now is. Bury his jewel wid him. Dar are some strange signs in der skies, and last night I dreamed ob Lucy. Whar am she? She may be dead. She's dead to me.

Scene. Outside in the Woods.

[Zeb and his company lying low among the bushes. A man appears.]

ZEB. Who's dar?

MAN. It's I, a friend of Zeb, and a friend of his friend Shacks, who sent me as a friend to tell you something 'portant.

ZEB. (approaches him, suspicious). Who is you?

MAN. I's told you a friend.

ZEB. What's dat you want?

MAN. Shacks sent me to tell you's to look out. Some 'spicious characters about, and dey looks as though dey mean business, and pretty soon, too. Dey propose to burn dis woods, as dey might be a harbor for the Yanks, whom dey expect soon.

ZEB. Der Yankees coming? What foe?

MAN. Dar is war. Habn't yer heard it, of the Yankees coming? And you's better had get out, and mighty sudden, too.

ZEB. If dat's so, we's better get. So, boys, pack up. Mind, we keeps off der road.

[They pick up a few things, eatables in bags, and start. March all night. At dawn, it being necessary to cross the road, they do so, and are thereby exposed to a posse of white men on guard at this point, of whom they had no suspicions.]

CHIEF OF POSSE. Halt, dar! Where's yer going, and whose niggers is ye?

ZEB (to his men). Surrender, boys! We's caught.

2D MAN. Shoot the dam nigger. He's too big a nigger to be loose such times as these.

1ST MAN. Hold! Don't do any shooting; it may expose us to the enemy. We don't know just whar he is. We'll just send these niggers off South to Charleston, and put dem to work on der fortifications.

[So Zeb and his ten or twelve men are captured and sent to Charleston. In the meanwhile the war goes on. Windlow has enlisted, and is now Captain Windlow of the Union army. Zeb and his men working on the fortifications.]

ZEB (ever on the lookout for a chance to escape). If I could only get out of dis I'd strike for de Union lines, if I's could find dem. Dis yere pick en shovel am something like de anchor, and de anchor

am de sign ob hope. But der don't seem to be much hope foe de po' black man. It seems to go farther and farther away from him all der time, yet dey fly de sign.

[Captain Windlow is captured and taken to Andersonville. Zeb escapes, and fortune brings he and Captain Windlow together.]

ZEB. Why, Massa Windlow, dat you?

WINDLOW. Yes, Zebulon, it is I; but don't call me massa. I am now a captain in the Union army. I was captured while on picket just after the battle of Chancellorsville. We were on picket near a farmhouse, and the farmer, whose place we had protected, arranged it with the rebs to capture us, and before we knew it we were surrounded. We fought a little, but the odds were against us. To make a long story short, we surrendered. They took us to Andersonville, and after some time at that watering place, a good opportunity presented itself and we took French leave, and here I am. And how comes it that you are here?

ZEB. Well, Captain, dey caught us, too, and we, too's, surrendered, and dey tooks us down to Charleston, where we's work on de fortifications. Didn't like de job nohow, but dis nigger had no choice 'bout der job. But he's got good legs yet, so he struck out from that job, and here he is. Now, we's must do something, and dat pretty quick. A good part of de time we marched by de railroad, giving us a lift once in a while on de flat car, so I knows der way pretty well. Now, you's a white man. We's trabble together, only get off dem blue close. You's be massa now, and I's yer servant. See, we'll trabble mostly by night and keeps off der road as much as possible. Down South yhere, no colored man's allowed to cross a ferry without a pass, so de ribbers will der most difficult. You as a white man just write der pass, and we'll try to get ober. At der break ob day we find some negro cabin, whar I reckon dey'll house us.

[And so Captain Windlow and Zeb slowly make their way North, and after a weary tramp succeed in reaching the Union lines. Negro regiments are now forming.]

WINDLOW. Zeb, I am going to try to get into a colored regiment. Will you go with me? If I get a command I want you to be with me as my man "Friday."

ZEB. I's don't know anything about war and "Friday." I's knows how to build fortifications, and I go wid you to the end.

[Captain Windlow has now become Major of a colored regiment, and Zeb is his right-hand man until the surrender at Appomattox.]

WINDLOW. Zebulon, the war is now over; that is, the fighting, and you are now a free man, and can go where you please. But before we are mustered out I suppose we shall be ordered to Washington.

ZEB. All right, Colonel. What you says I know is all right.

WINDLOW. Here are my orders; the orderly just brought them. Ordered to Washington. Shall probably have to march most of the way. But there will be no more fighting, and the marching will be holiday work in comparison with marching and fighting.

ZEB. All right, Boss—or, 'cuse me, Colonel.

[As they approach Washington the new song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is just out, and at all the camps they are singing it. As Windlow and his regiment go marching by all along the line is heard "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."]

In Camp.

ZEB. Colonel, I's been ober to der contraband camp to-day, and, bless de Lord, who I's see dar, and meet dar, but my dear ole Lucy. She's old now, but der same ole Lucy. She told me her story, all about her Southern life, all about der war dar, and how, when der war ended, she, wid others, somehow got to Washington. And dar she is ober dar in dat camp, whar de big white women come dar to get servants, and Lucy 'spects to go wid one of dem in a day or two. I'd likes to get out of der army now, and go to work somewhar, and makes a home for Lucy and me. Could yous help me to get a job of some kind? I can take care of horse, and mules, too, and work about de stables.

WINDLOW. Certainly, I'll do all I can for you, Zeb. You ought now to have a chance to enjoy life like a white man, and not to be like a wild animal, ever on the alert for some danger. Let Lucy get her place, and we'll see what we can do.

[Colonel Windlow in camp whiles away odd moments by reading the books of "Selections from the Poets," that he has with him. Reads Bryant's "Battlefield."]

ZEB (hearing it). Colonel, I's wish you'd learn me dat poem.

WINDLOW. I will, Zeb, if you will first learn how to ask such a thing. In this case I would be the teacher, and you the scholar. I am the one to teach, you the one to learn. So don't say learn me that poem, but say teach me that poem.

ZEB. Thank you, Colonel. I's understand the point. So please teach me dat poem.

[A few weeks later.]

ZEB. I's learned dat poem yous taught me. See if I's got it right.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

"Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud,
[At Lookout Mountain.]

“ Ah, never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 [Who’s fought for de Union and to make men free.]
 Gushed warm with hope and valor yet
 Upon the soil they fought to save.
 [To save from de power of slavery.]

“ Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine are heard.

“ No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouth gun and staggering wain.
 Men start not at the battle cry,
 O, be it never heard again!

“ Soon rested those who fought; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truth which men receive not now—
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

“ A friendless warfare, lingering long,
 Through weary day and weary year,
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

“ Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown, yet faint then not.

“ Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The hissing, sting bolt of scorn,
 For with thy side shall dwell at last
 The victory of endurance born.

“ Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are heirs;
 But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.”

WINDLOW. Good. Zebulon, you have it, and in case your memory, from time to time, needs refreshing, and as you have learned to read, I present you with this book, “Selections from the Poets and Orators,” that I have carried with me on the campaigns. Keep it ever by you, and when the dark hours come, as they may come to us all, open this book and read. Read it over and over.

[Hands him the book.]

ZEB. Colonel, I thinks I have a new mission in life, and you’s more dan any other man, has inspired me. I’s going to be a preacher. I’s knows I’s a po’ black man, and yet dar’s some white blood in me. Yer’d hardly believe it, yet I am one quarter white blood. My grandfather was a white man—ole Judge Broadax, der father of Massa Broadax. My grandmother was a black woman, and she must hab been a pretty nice black woman to find favor wid de ole Judge. But it seems she did. My mother was half white and half black.

WINDLOW. How is it that you are so black? I would never dream that there was any white blood in you.

ZEB. Well, dar is, Colonel. You sees dem woods ober dar. My father was just es black as dem woods now is at dis time, early even'ing. And dis let me's tell you dat a black father and a white mother makes a blacker child dan a white man and a black woman. That is how I's so black. De color come back wid der black father.

WINDLOW. What do you propose to do now?

ZEB. I's going to turn preacher, and go down South, right among de blackest of dem, and I's going to do what I can for der colored man, and de women, too. Lucy is wid me, and I's going down dar whar she libed after dey tooks her from me. Thank you for dis book.

WINDLOW. Zeb, I am glad to hear you say this, but don't neglect to write me from from time to time. You shall have my address. I expect soon to get back into civil life, and to go back to dear old Massachusetts, the State that in the past has done so much for the elevation of man—for all men—and for his liberty generally, all along the line, for all men. Shall be glad to hear from you. Now, Zebulon, if you take this step, remember that you have an ex-slave to deal with. He is poor, ignorant, and has been shamefully treated. But because of this shameful treatment, do not inspire in him any spirit of revenge. He was a good man to his master, was faithful and true to him during the war, and the white man trusted him. Had all the masters been kind to their slaves, and not abused them, separated families, there would have been little or no rebellion on the part of the black man. The black man has spirit as well as they; as well as they he knows when he is well treated, and when he is abused. His love of liberty is as great as theirs. Put the white man in his place, and he might even have been less satisfied with his lot. But

“Let the past bury its dead,
Act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.”

ZEB. Will you teach me dat poem?

WINDLOW. You will find it in the book I gave you. Remember, do all in your power to lift up your fellowman, and try, in the future as in the past, to respect all lawful authority. There are low vicious men in all ranks of society; pay especial attention to the low, for if you have trouble it will be through them, and not through the higher and better ones. Avoid liquor. Liquor gets many a poor man into trouble. This is our second parting; may we meet again, when you shall have a good report to make of your work. As the Psalmist says, “We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.” Good by. Write me when you can. Good by. Adieu, and if on earth we meet no more, then meet me when life's voyage is o'er.

Scene. Down in Mississippi. Zeb, a preacher. Camp-meeting.

ZEB. Brothers and sisters, dis am de Lawd's day, and how thankful we's po' colored folks ought to be to the Lord God for giving us dis day. De whole civilized world, while it seems to dispise der poor Jew, dey hab all der benefits ob der sacrifice. Dey war slaves, and dey, too, knows what oppression is. Dey war made slaves in Egypt, and suffered dar. But de Lord 'pinted for dem a Moses, and he warn't no smart man to talk, but a good and true man. So his brother, Aaron, he talk for him. Dey tells all sorts ob stories about Moses and Aaron. Some good and some not so good. But we tak's dar work as a whole, and not all der stories dey tells about dem. Moses he was an agent in der hands of de Lord, and so der good Lord works. When der time comes he, de Lord, always has some good man to do his mighty work. Der people, 'dough, is so mighty foolish sometimes, dat dey, in that generation, has little respect for de Lord's annointed. But der good work goes on, and it shall go on, and on. It's going on now. Den de Debil got der upper hand again and took der Jews away to Babylon—just made slaves of dem. Yet while in dis captivity der oppressors wanted to hear from dem one of der Lord's songs. But they said: "How shall we sing der Lord's song in a strange land?" How? And yet dey did sing dat song. It was a consolation to dem. So you's, my brothers, and sisters, too, just keeps up singing der Lord's songs. It am a power of comfort and a powerful influence for good. Sing de Lord's song: "My lips will be fain when I sing unto Thee."

[A—m—e—n! comes from the congregation.]

ZEB. Dat's right. And remember dat der Jews nebber forgot der Lord's day. Dey keeps it, and have taught other nations to do the same. They don't just keeps der very day de Jews do, but dey keeps der spirit ob it. Keep sober, for when de man is in liquor you knows not what he may do. Bewar ob de man what 'tices you to drink. Keep der law. Be good citizens, dat dar be no more cause for complaint 'gainst us dan der Egyptians and Babylonians had real cause 'ginst de Jews. We's all libing in trying times, trying to all men. Der Lord tried de Jews, and he's trying you. [Amen and a—m—e—n!] Keep sober, lib up to der golden rule, and all der other good rules of der ole prophets. Peace be with you this day, and all days.

"Thy warfare only ends with life,"

but we's believe in a grand, future life, whar der good deeds of this life shall be our passport to eternal happiness.

[A noise outside, and white men gathering about the camp, but Zeb notices them not.]

ZEB. O Lord, let not thy whole displeasure arise. Here in dis grand old woods we's come to be near unto thee. Der po' men

may hab no grand temple, but he hab des woods. I's read you a little poem from der book Col. Windlow gave me:

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

"It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage shall be paid to the Most High.
There's a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament, far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air,
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move;
Save when de linnet lights upon de spray,
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee lights upon the bloom.
There, wrapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon.
Silence, his praise; his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyrean."

[More noise—firing of guns.]

GUS WOODLY (as spokesman). Youse dam niggers, you's just get up and get out ob har. As you, dam black preacher, youse just get out of har, too. Now get! else I'll show you hows dey walk Spanish.

[One of the white men lays hands on Zeb.]

Come out har, yer dam black rascal. We've a mind to hang yous to dat tree, right in 'Squire Porter's woods, dat you call Nature's Temple.

GUS. Let der dam black rascal go dis time, but if he makes any disturbance about yhar we'll surely hang him. Mind yer now, yer black rascal, if you know what is best for yer, yer leave dis country and go up Norf, whar's yer come from—down har learning dese niggers to be as good as white folks. We'll give yer a lesson or two, and we'll publish yers in the papers, too, dat der world outside may knows what yer up to. We's white men don't 'pose to be ruled by niggers.

[And the report, from the white man's point of view is published in all the papers and telegraphed to the North, so in a morning or two thereafter Col. Windlow reads the account in his Boston paper—how an ignorant vicious nigger by the name of Zebulon is inspiring negroes to unlawful acts—acts that are most dangerous to the white people of the South.]

Scene. A white man's meeting, with fiery speeches.

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. We are living in terrible times. These niggers are getting the upper hand. The war between the States has made them free, and what does his freedom mean to us? Why, degradation to the white man. We must put them down at all hazards. But how? That's the question. If we use force, that

is, open force, it may only react upon us; so we must go about it quietly. Terrorize them all we can. We won't hurt them, at least if we can strike terror into them. That raid on that dam nigger camp-meeting last Sunday was a step in the right direction. We didn't kill anybody. Keep that up. And as for all these dam nigger preachers, we must make it hot for them. Drive them out of the country. And more, I would fight the devil with fire. Make a moral example of some of them—such an example as shall open the eyes of their sympathizers at the North.

[Amen! comes the cry.]

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. Glad to hear you say amen, gentlemen. Now don't let up on this. Don't get lukewarm. Get the young men interested, and we shall soon so terrorize these niggers and bewilder their misguided friends in the North that we shall have peace. The negro is but an animal, and a low one at that, and we'll teach him to keep his place.

[Amen!]

HIXON BACKLOG. Mr. Chairman, I likes der general tone of de Judge's remarks. We want's to fight der debil wid fire, sho' 'nuff. I's think that a leetle burning would do dem niggers good. We have tried all other things to terrify dem, but it don't work, satisfactorily at least. What we's wants now is a good burning. Dar is more terror 'bout fire dan dar is about de sword, or eben der cold lead. Must give 'em a little fire.

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. How are you going to work it?

GUS. O, give us a show and we'll show 'em. We've talked it all over to ourselves. We, too, want to have them black Republicans up Norf to see and to understand what the nigger is morally. That no lone woman, in a lonely place, is safe while he is around. He's an animal!

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. I don't quite understand you.

GUS. Yer don't? Would you just let yer darter go along de road all alone to-night, and I guess before morning you'll see.

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. I would not care to have her out alone of a night, as you say, even if there were no negroes in these parts, for there are some low white men who might take advantage of her.

GUS. Well, youse just let her out some night and we'll see that she is not molested, not eben by a nigger. But if she should be the victim of some ob dem black animals we's call niggers, it would produce a mighty moral influence in our favor. Den de Northern people would see what kind of animal dis black coon is.

JUDGE WEATHERSTONE. It's getting late, and suppose we adjourn, first pledging ourselves to say nothing about what has here transpired.

ALL. We bind ourselves to keep mum [under voice], but to put

up a fine job upon ye nigger. I knows one—Bill Turtle. He'd make a good subject. He's about full most of the time, at der white man's expense. The neighborhood can spare him.

WORTHY CITIZEN TO WORTHY CITIZEN. I don' like this talk, and I fear that if the undertow of this meeting comes to anything it will do us no good. Bad men at the front now. It seems to me that this poor white trash that we now see coming to the front is worse than the negro, and will bring us into disrepute the world over.

Scene. Out on the road. Early evening.

[The Judge's daughter has gone on an errand of mercy—called upon to go and see a poor sick friend. Her movements have been stealthily watched by a man, to all external appearances a negro, who, indeed, resembles Bill Turtle. He suddenly lays rough hold upon Miss W—and attempts to draw her into the woods. She screams, and suddenly, as by accident, two white men appear. The man lets go his hold and runs away.]

MAN TO MISS. Who war dat man who insults you, one of dem niggers?

Miss WEATHERSTONE. I don't know, but he looked much like Bill Turtle.

SECOND MAN. Dat dam nigger! We'll fix him for insultings a white lady. [To first man]: Sam, ride to the center, whar der peoples are, and spread der news. 'Rouse all hands. We must catch dat dam nigger. How der incendiary language of dat dam nigger preacher incites his niggers to insult white wimmen! Get de posse together. We'll hab that nigger before morning sun up.

[The posse gather, and Bill Turtle is caught and taken to the jail. Crowds gather and demand his surrender.]

JAILOR. I can't let youse have him. He's now in der power of de State, and I shall resist with what force I can. But you are many. I's one. But ye's har. Dis nigger is in custody of de State.

[The crowd jeer.]

A VOICE. Bring that nigger out, else we'll take him out, and mighty quick.

[A long log is brought. The door is rammed, and gives way. Some rush in and bring out Bill Turtle.]

FIRST MAN. I move we has a court-martial, right har and now.

SECOND MAN. I 'pints Col. Bushwing to be judge advocate, and that he 'pint his necessary assistants, and call for witnesses.

COL. BUSHWING. I am a modest man, but a good citizen, and at such times it is right and proper for the good citizen to obey the commands of his peers. Bring up the prisoner. [To prisoner]: You are Bill Turtle, I believe.

BILL TURTLE. Yes, sah.

COL. BUSHWING. Bill Turtle, you was on the road last night between Sawyer's store and the old bridge?

BILL TURTLE. Yes, sah.

COL. BUSHWING. Saw a lady go by?

BILL TURNER. I saw somebody; I reckon it was a lady; I's too drunk to make her out well.

COL. BUSHWING. And you followed her?

BILL TURTLE. No, I's just walking along de road, when I heers a woman holler, and she did scream, but befor' I's got dar, dar was nobody near, and some white men comes up on horseback; I 'spose I was drunk, for dat's all I knows. I just laid down by de road, and when I wokes, I had rolled into der ditch; I see no woman.

COL. BUSHWING. That's a nice story to tell us. Now, what did you try to do to that woman?

BILL TURTLE. I's did nothing to her; I hardly saw her; I was not near 'nuf to her to touch her.

[Crowd jeers.]

COL. BUSHWING. That won't do down yhere.

BILL TURTLE. Dat am der Lord's truth; I nebber touched dat woman, and I was too drunk to tell der truth.

COL. BUSHWING. Yer's too drunk to tell der truth. We know it. But I guess you'll sober up we begins to distill some of dat rum out of yer.

[Jeers and laughing. More gather, and in the background is Zeb.]

ZEB. Poor Bill! These white men have taken advantage of your infirmity. This is a wicked crowd, and they means mischief. What a crowd! A crowd of a hundred or more white men, all armed to the teeth, and one poor negro at their mercy! O, God, help this poor man! I 'spose they hang me next, and if they knew I was here now they'd just hitch me to poor Bill.

[Some off to one side preparing a fire.]

ZEB. O God, my God, is there no help for po' Bill? Dem debils go'in to burn him sure enuff.

COL. BUSHWING. What say the gentlemen of the jury—guilty or not guilty?

ALL (in chorus). Guilty! Hang him, burn him! We'll teach these dam black coons to insult a white lady.

OLD CITIZEN to NEIGHBOR. I am sick of this travesty on justice. That negro is no more guilty than you or I. It is plainly a put-up job; concocted at the meeting the other night. And if the truth was known, I believe that Gus was the real assailant—he personating poor Bill Turtle. But we can't say anything to such a drunken crowd of men and smart boys, all armed, and determined to have vengeance upon this poor negro.

COL. BUSHWING. Put the rope about his neck; tie his hands; lead him to the stake thar.

ZEB. O God, my God, save him! O for some power to paralyze these fiends!

[Weeps and turns away. Bill is bound to the stake.]

BILL TURTLE. I's innocent. I's insulted no white woman nor colored woman. I's hab drunk some whisky in my time, and I can't say as hab always been honest; but I nebber guilty of such an act.

ZEB. We knows it, O brother Bill Turtle! O God, nerve his spirit to the proof. O that some humane man or some devil among dis drunken crowd were kind enough to shoot the prisoner!

COL. BUSHWING. Let no man shoot the prisoner. We shall make an example of him.

[The fire burning.]

BILL TURTLE (in agony cries out.) O some of you's shoots me! I's innocent. Befoe de Lord I sware I's innocent. Oh ——!

ZEB. Bill Turtle's soul is now free. "Vengeance is mine. I shall repay, saith the Lord." Poor Bill! to meet such a death! So heroic, too! Then just think of the report that these white men will make up, and send it broadcast to the world, and too many good people, and people up Norf, too, will believe it. But I don't believe Col. Windlow will believe it. To think that the black man, here in the United States, should come to this in dis free country! O these fiends! They go to Africa and destroy de black man's home dar. Spoil him, capture him, bring him to this country, make a slave of him. Den when he gets his freedom dey is powerful mad. Den dey gets up all sorts of vile stories about him. Tell how brutal he is. Dey are der brutes, and not he. But his word is of no account; theirs is powerful. Poor Bill! But I must not be seen here. If they caught me here they'd say he came to make disturbance. [Gets out.]

COL. BUSHWING. Fellow-citizens, we have done a good night's work. It was more impressive to have this in the night. I reckon that these niggers will now have some respect for the higher law of society. They won't dar insult another white woman right away.

OLD CITIZEN to NEIGHBOR. I am indignant over the actions of this night. I did not wish to see it, and yet I did want to see what these drunken fiends would do. There is not one of them but what would insult a colored woman at any time, day or night, drunk or sober. In the long run we shall not gain by such acts. Such doings only react upon themselves.

COL. BUSHWING. Send the reporter to me. [He comes.] You represent The News?

REPORTER. Yes, sir.

COL. BUSHWING. Well, we have an interesting case here. Work it up well, and some day we hope to see you editor, or send you to

Congress. Write it up well, and send it by Associated Press to the world. The indignant citizens of Clayville rise as one man for vengeance upon a black brute who, in fiend-like manner, attacks the daughter of Judge Bushwing as she is on her way to see a sick lady friend. Put it all in, with good headlines. Tell how the good citizens sorrow over such an act, the necessity for it, but that they acquiesce. Something had to be done to give these black brutes an object lesson. And we reckon they have had one—one that shall last them for some time.

ZEB (quietly to colored friends). Pass word around for a full house next Sunday, but request them to keep their sorrow within their breasts. We shall not, in public, even refer to the scene of this night, for we well know that the white men will hear it all. So let us keep quiet. Speak of it quietly, one to the other, but first be shoo dar is no white man 'bout. I shall write Col. Windlow all about it. But it won't do for me to mail any letter to the Norf from here. Such a letter must be mailed in one of the larger cities. I 'spects that they go for me next. But I shall stay here and do my work to the last, and Lucy is wid me. O, she's a good woman! The lub of our early days was all right. I lubed her den, but I love's her mo' and mo', as we grow ole together. But I fear dat she must ere long be left a widder.

Camp-meeting Scene.

ZEB. Brothers and sisters, we's again come befoe de Lord. Dis am holy ground, and we consecrate it. De Lord abide wid us, yes, wid eben us poo' colored folk. We's hab much of dis world's goods to honor him wid. He knows dat eben better dan we does. But if we's can't honor him wid de gold, and all dat it will bring and show to de world, we can honer him wid our lives, and let us so lib brethren—and ye sisters, too—der good Lord nebber forgets you. We's be one befoe de Lord. Wid de grand old Psalmist we say, "Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness; thou hast set me at liberty [Congregation—"Bless de Lord!"] when I was in trouble; have mercy upon me and hearken unto my prayer." Offer der sacrifice of righteousness and put your trust in de Lord. [Amen!] Will de choir kindly favor us wid dat grand chant "Perpetual adoration," so well fitted for dis grand occasion in dese grand old woods?

[Choir]: "The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine—
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my constant prayer.

"My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to thar caves,
Or when de stillness of de sea
Even more than music breathes of thee.

"I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silent, like thy throne,
And de pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.

"Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

"I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile der day-beam's track,
Thy mercy, in de azure hue,
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

"There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of thy Deity!

"There's nothing dark, below above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And I meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again."

ZEB. Yes, der Lord shall turn all bright again.

"Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon
thy holy hill?"

[From the amen corner—"We's all wants to!" All—"Bless de
Lord!"]

"Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing
which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

"He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his
neighbor, and hath not slandereth his neighbor.

"He that sitteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and
maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

"He that sweareth unto his neighbor and disappointeth him not,
though it were to his own hindrance, nor take reward against the
innocent.

"Whoso doeth these things shall never fall."

ZEB. (to all). Dar's holy wisdom in dese lines of de Psalmist.
Take dem home to youse own hearts. Dey will do your souls a power
of good. [Amen!]

ZEB. I shall not insult youse by asking if you's on de Lord's side,
for on dis solemn occasion I knows dat you's all am, or striving hard
to get dar. Keep on striving, my good brothers, and sisters, too.
Help one another. We's all in one grand circle, and let der cords of
brotherly love bind us firmly together. Dis yer penny dat I holds
in my fingers is emblematical of dat mystic and glorious circle. Let
it ever remind you of de perfection of de circle.

[White men on the outer circle of the camp gathering more
and more.]

ZEB. (continues, paying no attention to the white men). But, re-
member, and don't forget, that in dis our will is confined to things
of dis life, but ober de mysterious forces of dis life we's has no will—

that is, no power. Der mighty Lord above rules. So whether de sun do shine or der clouds do lower, do not forget der good ole hymn, "Thy Will be Done." Will der choir now sing dat grand ole hymn.

1ST WHITE MAN TO 2D WHITE MAN. Der dam black rascal don't say a word about Bill Turtle.

2D MAN. No; and he'd better not.

[Choir sings]:

"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
In devious ways the hurrying stream of life may run,
But still, my grateful heart shall say,
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
Though o'er shine a glad and prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine:
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

"Though clouded o'er our path with gloom,
One comfort is ours to breathe while we adore,
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

ZEB. Yes, der mighty will of der Lord be done. [Amen!] Yes, we all say amen.

"Though clouded o'er our path with gloom."
May we nebber forget those simple words,

"Thy will be done!" [Amen!]

[More closer gathering of white men about the camp.]

ZEB. If der choir am not too tired of singing—we knows dat we tax them much, but de music does a powerful lot of good—will de choir now favor us with one more tune, and then we shall soon draw dis glorious meeting to a close. So will we sing, and praise Thy power. Der evening shadows are creeping upon us, and ere long dat glorious sun shall set, while grand clouds up dar, dat looks like de very picture of der great white throne—dat sun sets, den der darkness comes again. But der day cometh again, and a new, grand day may it be for all der po' and oppressed upon earth. My good brothers and sisters, don't let hope get lost from yers, nor lose from dat golden chain dat holds yer souls well anchored to der glorious shores trod by all der prophets of ole. Cultivate in your souls faith, and this will lead on to charity. On this urgent occasion, my heart is sad. Why, I don't know. But this is a most solemn occasion. Here in dis ancient woods, where we's to meet, it seems to me that I hear de solemn notes of Nature's grand organ, in swelling tones, sad perhaps, yet grand. Will der choir now sing, in part, der XXIIId Psalm, and let all join in:

"My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me?
and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint.

"O my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not; and in the night season also I take no rest.

"And thou continuest holy, O thou worship of Israel.

"Our fathers hoped in thee, they trusted in thee, and thou didst deliver them.

"They called upon thee and were holpen; they put their trust in thee and were not confounded.

"But as for me, I am a worm and no man, a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.

"All they that see me laugh me to scorn, and shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying:

"He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him if he will have him."

[Shots—confusion—Zebulon falls—shot to death—confusion.]

1ST CITIZEN to 2D CITIZEN. O shame, shame it will be to us! Talk about being domineered over by der black man! We are domineered over by dat ole white trash that before de war knew thar places.

2D CITIZEN. You's right, brother. A deed has been done this day that we must all be sorry for. Such deeds cannot help but react upon those who do them, and give them their moral support. Take this miserable white trash out of the country, and thar would be no trouble. We should have peace, for the black man is by nature peaceful, and with proper instruction and kindness he makes a good citizen, and a far better man than this miserable white trash now ruling over us as well as over the negro.

SEYONPL.

APRIL 9, 1902.

ISAAC P. NOYES,
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